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1 PSI-FORCE™

THE SIBERIAN PROJECT, PART 1
INTRODUCING HEATSEEKER™

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PSI FORCE

--from the journal entry of Petrov Szymanski,Acting Administrative Director, The Siberian Project for Paranormal Research...
<It is 1:30 A.M., September 4, 1988 as I write this.

Every day we are closer and closer to divining the ultimate riddle of these paranormals we have in residence here. It is the gift of Rodstvow which has enabled us to learn so much in the last five months.

After his confrontation with the paranormal psychic entity known as Psi-Hawk over Washington D.C. last April, Rodstvow teleported back to the Project grounds, bringing the four teen-agers whose parabilities formed the mind-gestalt in the first place.

Thomas Boyd, an adrenaline syphon, was the first to regain consciousness from the coma induced by Psi-Hawk's destruction. His EEG first showed renewed activity in early July. On August 5, he leeched two doctors and a nurse of all of their energy and was immediately revived. Since then, he has been fervently reconditioning his body to its finely honed athletic peak with a complete disregard for his surroundings or the condition of his friends. Kathy Ling is a telekinetic who just emerged from her coma two weeks ago. Only yesterday did she begin to speak and eat in a routine manner. She is extremely disoriented and weak, but we suspect that her body will regain its physical abilities more rapidly than a normal subject's would, considering the fact that she can bolster the use of her atrophied muscles with her telekinetic abilities. Lindsey Falmon is an object empath who has shown signs of EEG activity, though she remains unconscious at the moment. And Wayne Tucker... he's a telepath. Quite possibly the strongest mind on the face of this planet. He remains mired in the depths of his coma, though since June, his continuous flurry of mental transmissions has kept most of our bewildered staff away. They greatly fear someone who is privy to every nuance of their personality, every sin, every hope, every thought. Someone who knows everything and gives you nothing in return. What is truly going on inside his mind?>...

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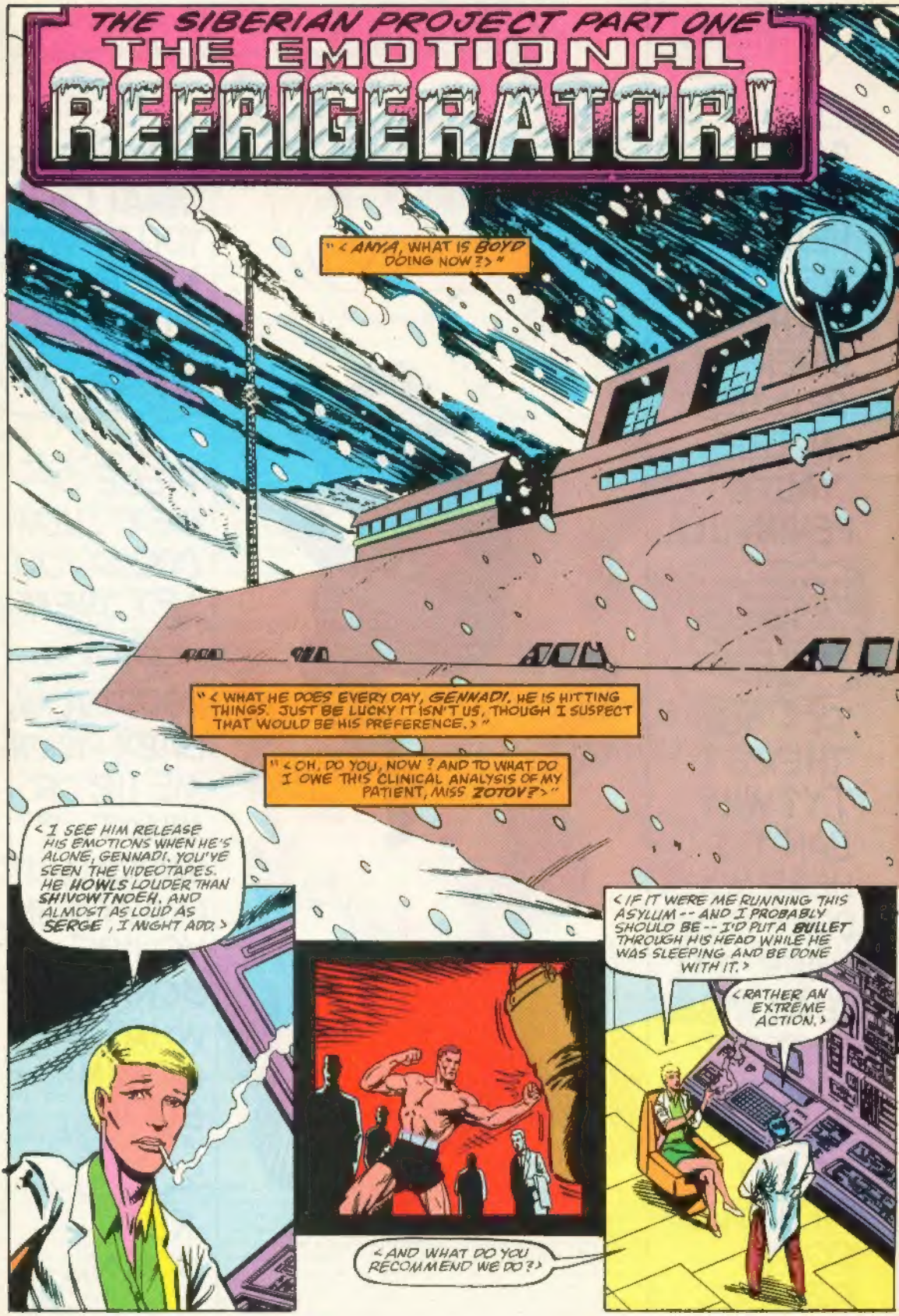
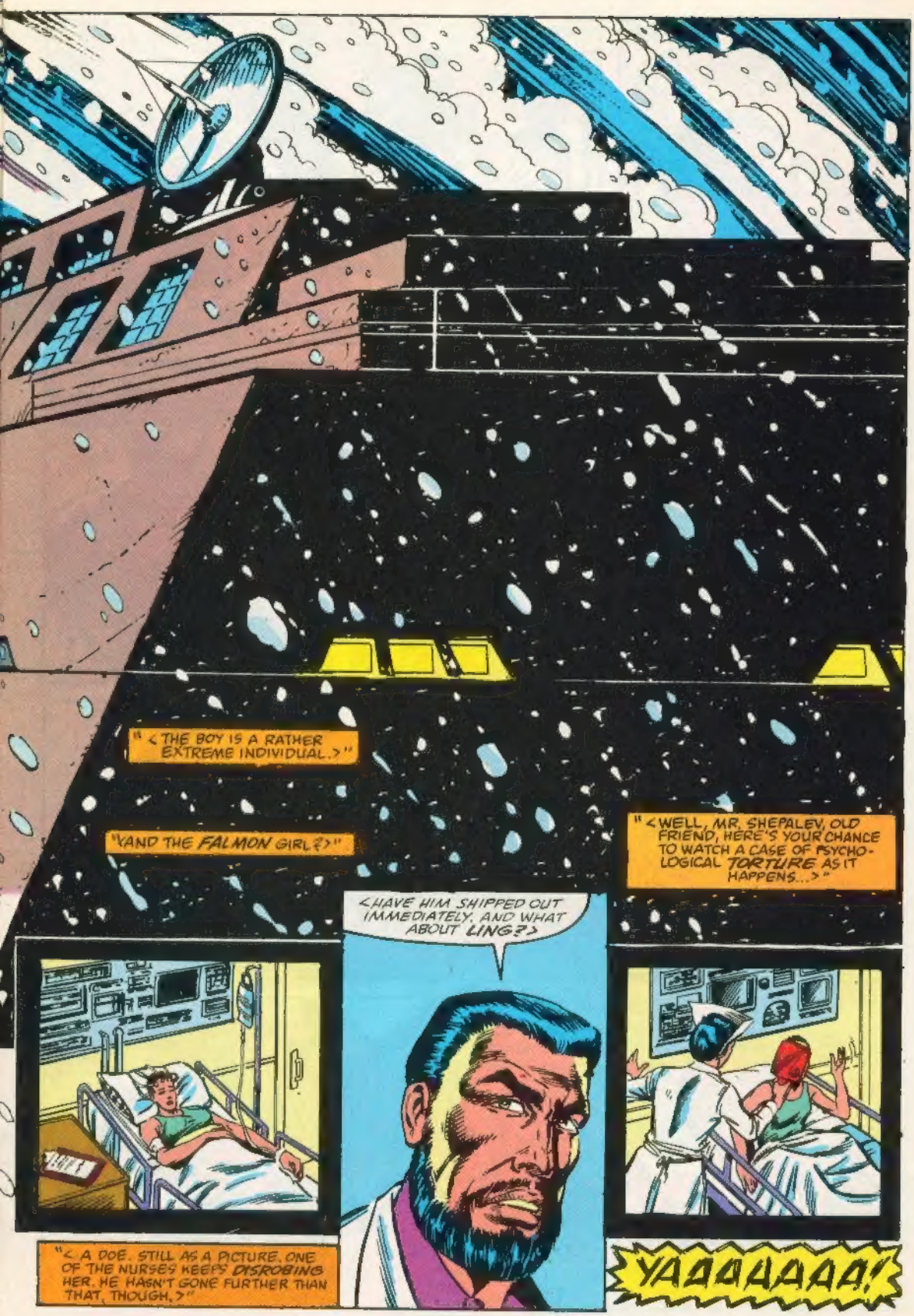
POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO PSI-FORCE, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 9TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.

<WHY WON'T THEY LET ME SEE THEM? WHAT CAN I DO?>
BABEL? CAN YOU HEAR ME? WE'RE IN THE SIBERIAN PROJECT. IN THE YALTA PENINSULA.
<HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW, GENNADI, YOU'RE THE PSYCHIATRIST! ALL I KNOW IS THAT THE TEMPERATURE IN HIS ROOM HAS GONE UP TWENTY-FIVE DEGREES IN LAST TWO DAYS!>
TY? YOU THERE? TY? WHY CAN'T I HEAR YOU? DON'T WORRY, LINDS. IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT. JUST BE COOL. WHEN YOU WAKE UP. I'LL BE WITH YOU SOON. RELAX...
<FORGET ABOUT HER. REMEMBER HER FOREVER. FORGET ABOUT HER. REMEMBER HER FOREVER.
BROWNING, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH HER BODY? NO! SHE WASN'T A PIECE OF MEAT! HOW COULD YOU LET THEM--
<MEAT--GIRL--LIKE ME--MEAT--TEAR--EAT--MEAT>
RODSTVOW, BABY, PICKIN' ME UP, OR WHAT...? WATCH OUT CRAZY MAN... YOU'RE GONNA GET WHAT'S COMIN' SOON...
JUSTICE? NO, THERE'S NO JUSTICE...
REAL SOON...


THE SIBERIAN PROJECT PART ONE
THE EMOTIONAL REFRIGERATOR!
" < ANYA, WHAT IS BOYD DOING NOW ?> "
" < WHAT HE DOES EVERY DAY, GENNADI. HE IS HITTING THINGS. JUST BE LUCKY IT ISN'T US, THOUGH I SUSPECT THAT WOULD BE HIS PREFERENCE. > "
" < OH, DO YOU, NOW ? AND TO WHAT DO I OWE THIS CLINICAL ANALYSIS OF MY PATIENT, MISS ZOTOV ?> "
< I SEE HIM RELEASE HIS EMOTIONS WHEN HE'S ALONE, GENNADI. YOU'VE SEEN THE VIDEOTAPES. HE HOWLS LOUDER THAN SHIVOWTNOEH, AND ALMOST AS LOUD AS SERGE , I MIGHT ADD. >
< AND WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND WE DO ?>
< IF IT WERE ME RUNNING THIS ASYLUM -- AND I PROBABLY SHOULD BE -- I'D PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEAD WHILE HE WAS SLEEPING AND BE DONE WITH IT. >
< RATHER AN EXTREME ACTION. >


"<THE BOY IS A RATHER EXTREME INDIVIDUAL.>"
"<AND THE FALMON GIRL?>"
"<WELL, MR. SHEPALEV, OLD FRIEND, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO WATCH A CASE OF PSYCHOLOGICAL TORTURE AS IT HAPPENS...>"
<HAVE HIM SHIPPED OUT IMMEDIATELY, AND WHAT ABOUT LING?>
"<A DOE. STILL AS A PICTURE. ONE OF THE NURSES KEEPS DISROBING HER. HE HASN'T GONE FURTHER THAN THAT, THOUGH.>"
YAAAAAAA!

AAAAMY HAIR!
WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY HAIR!!
<OH MY-- PLEASE, RELAX-- IT'LL GROW BACK...>
YOU DIRTY, LOUSY SCUZZ SUCKING PIGS!
<NURSE BOVA PLEASE STAND BACK-->
WHAT'RE YOU-- GET AWAY FROM ME WITH THAT!
EH?
RRRRRRRRRRR
<IT'S SHIVOWTNOEH-- DOCTOR--WHAT DO WE DO?>
<HIDE.>
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
WHAT THE--
EEEYOOOO
RARRRRRR

HAARRGHHRRR!
STAY BACK
<NOW-->
<--HOLD HER STILL WHILE I INJECT HER--
<UHM... GOOD GIRL...>
<PLEASE SPARE ME...>
"<...FROM MADMEN AND PARANORMALS!>"
TUMP
TUMP
DASTATACHEEA!
YEAH...FINE. I'VE HAD ENOUGH.
THEES WAY PLEASE. SHOW-ER.
DA, COMRADE.
IDIOT.
YOU SHOWER WITH ME, COMRADE, MAYBE I'LL SHOVE THE NOZZLE DOWN YOUR THROAT?
EXCUSE, PLEASE?
NEVER MIND.

BRAP BRAP BRAP BRAP
CHTO?
AAYYEEEEEE
WHAT THE--
DEHMAN DOOSHA!

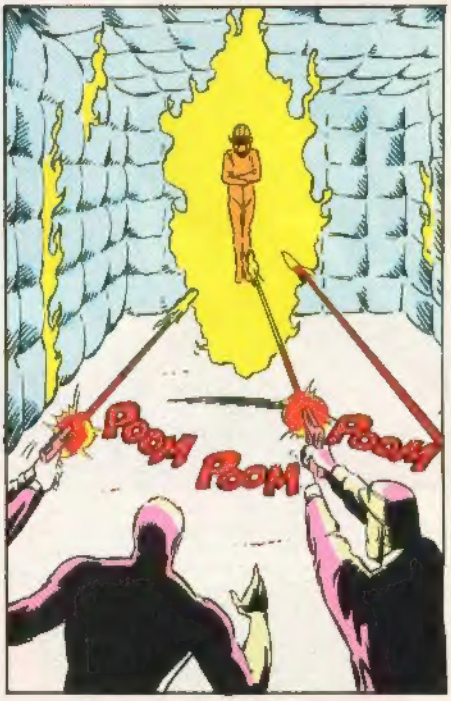
BRAP BRAP
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?
IT IS OF NO CONCERN TO YOU, MR. BOYD--

LET'S SAY WE MAKE IT A CONCERN OF MINE.
NO.

YES!

BRAP BRAP
TRSH
TSP
FOOOSH

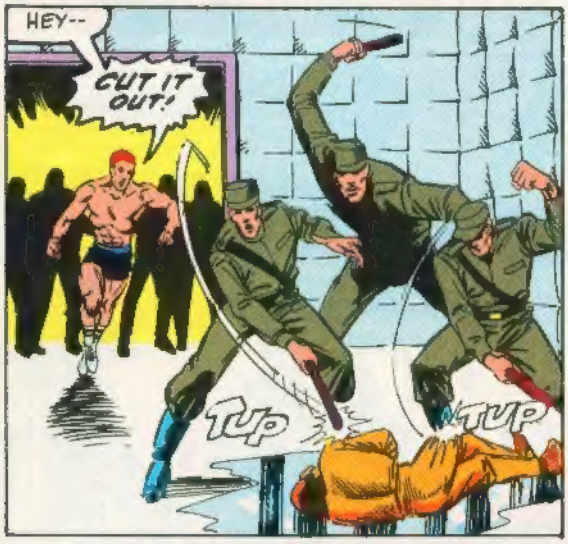
OH
MY
GOD

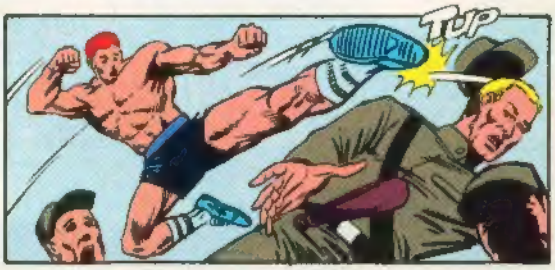

POOM
POOM
POOM

< STAND BACK -- I HAVE THE HOSE! >

FSHHH

< GET HIM WHILE HE IS DOWN! >


HEY--
CUT IT OUT!
TUP
TUP


TUP

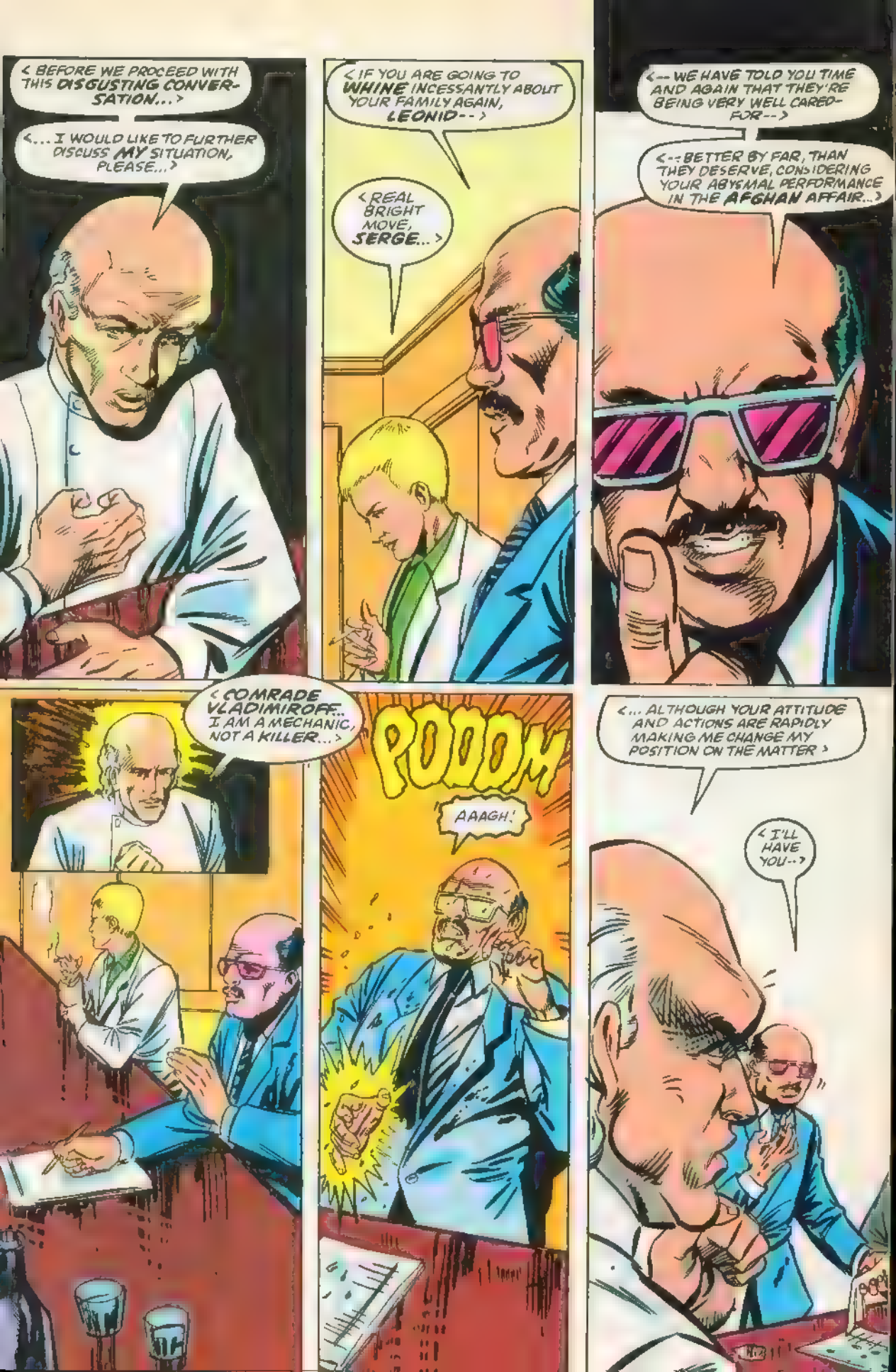
CUMP

CHAK

HE'S JUST A KID!
YOU OKAY?
CAN YOU TALK?

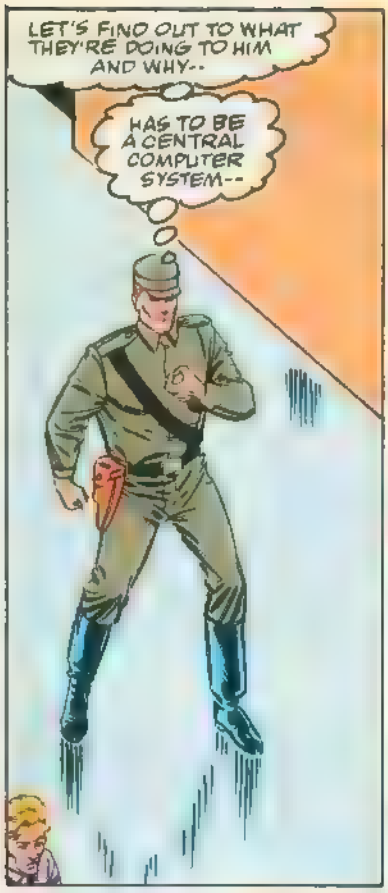
AYAAAYAAY
HUH?

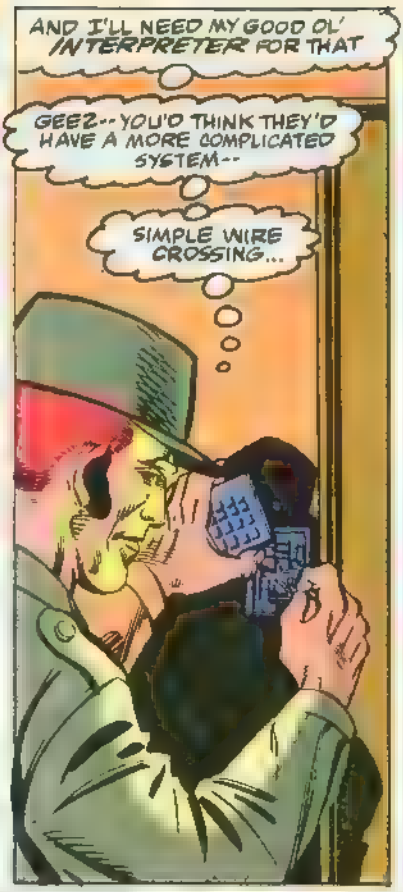
<STAND BACK, YOU IMBECILE--THE BOY IS UNCONTROLABLE!>
IN ENGLISH, SOMEBODY!
AYAYAYAYAY
HE ISS--WHAT ISS THE WORD--AUTEESTEEK!
AUTISTIC?
AUTISTIC.
"HOW DOES A LITTLE KID LIKE THAT SURVIVE IN A NUTHOUSE LIKE THIS?"
<IT IS SIMPLY A QUESTION OF SURVIVAL. WE CAN NOT ALLOW THE BOY TO CONTINUE JEOPARDIZING OUR STATUS.>
<COMRADE SZYMANSKI, SURELY YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING WE MURDER THE BOY SIMPLY BECAUSE OF HIS HANDICAP?!>
<NO, GENNADI, I'M SUGGESTING WE MURDER HIM BECAUSE OF HIS PARABILITY!>
<WELL, AS LONG AS WE'RE CLEAR ON THAT POINT!>
<ANYA, PLEASE...>

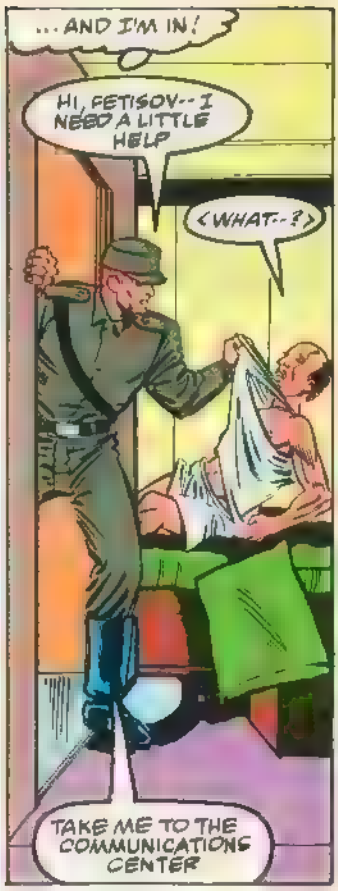

< BEFORE WE PROCEED WITH THIS DISGUSTING CONVERSATION... >
<... I WOULD LIKE TO FURTHER DISCUSS MY SITUATION, PLEASE... >
< IF YOU ARE GOING TO WHINE INCESSANTLY ABOUT YOUR FAMILY AGAIN, LEONID-- >
< REAL BRIGHT MOVE, SERGE... >
<-- WE HAVE TOLD YOU TIME AND AGAIN THAT THEY'RE BEING VERY WELL CARED-FOR-- >
<-- BETTER BY FAR, THAN THEY DESERVE, CONSIDERING YOUR ABYSMAL PERFORMANCE IN THE AFGHAN AFFAIR... >
< COMRADE VLADIMIROFF... I AM A MECHANIC, NOT A KILLER... >
POOOM
AAAGH!
<... ALTHOUGH YOUR ATTITUDE AND ACTIONS ARE RAPIDLY MAKING ME CHANGE MY POSITION ON THE MATTER >
< I'LL HAVE YOU-- >

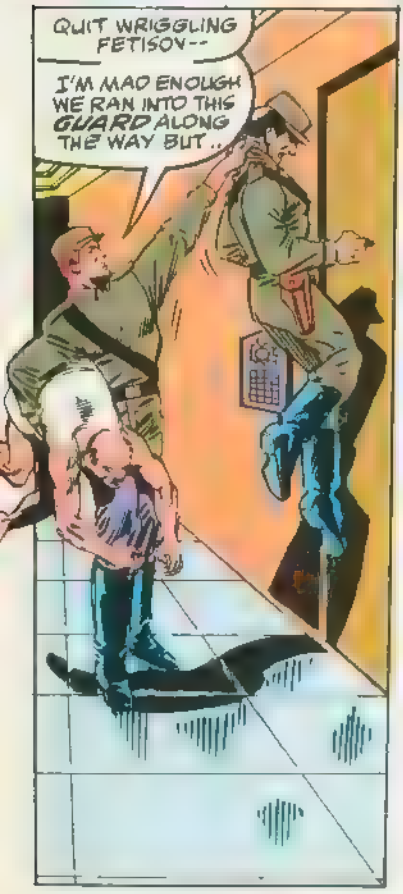
< LEONID-- NO MORE.>
< NADEHZDA! IT SHOULD BE HIM YOU ARE STOPPING!>
< I AM SORRY, LEONID, BUT AS A MEMBER OF THE RED SUN TASK FORCE, YOU ARE MY RESPONSIBILITY...
<... AND VLADIMIROFF MY SUPERIOR, FOR BETTER OR WORSE.>
< AND IT WILL BE FOR THE WORSE, MY DEAR NADEHZDA, IF YOUR TEAM DOES NOT BEGIN TO PERFORM ACCORDING TO OUR EXPECTATIONS!>
< WE ARE NOT "PERFORMERS," COMRADE SZYMANSKI, WE ARE PARANORMAL SOLDIERS.>
< MY SOLDIERS, NADEHZDA, TO DO WITH AS I COMMAND!>
< AND YOU'D BEST NOT FORGET THAT!>

"<YOU'D BEST NOT FORGET WHO IS IN CONTROL HERE!>"
AUTISTIC?
AND THEY'RE USING CLUBS AND GUNS ON HIM?
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!
LIGHTS-
TAP
CAMERA--
KRAK
BRAP
BRAP
CHTA OT SLOOCHAYE?
AAAA!
ACTION!


LET'S FIND OUT TO WHAT THEY'RE DOING TO HIM AND WHY--
HAS TO BE A CENTRAL COMPUTER SYSTEM--


AND I'LL NEED MY GOOD OL' INTERPRETER FOR THAT
GEEZ-- YOU'D THINK THEY'D HAVE A MORE COMPLICATED SYSTEM--
SIMPLE WIRE CROSSING...


... AND I'M IN!
HI, FETISOV-- I NEED A LITTLE HELP
<WHAT--?>
TAKE ME TO THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

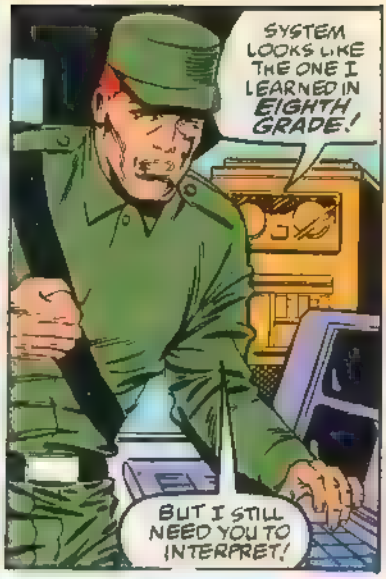

QUIT WRIGGLING FETISOV--
I'M MAD ENOUGH WE RAN INTO THIS GUARD ALONG THE WAY BUT..

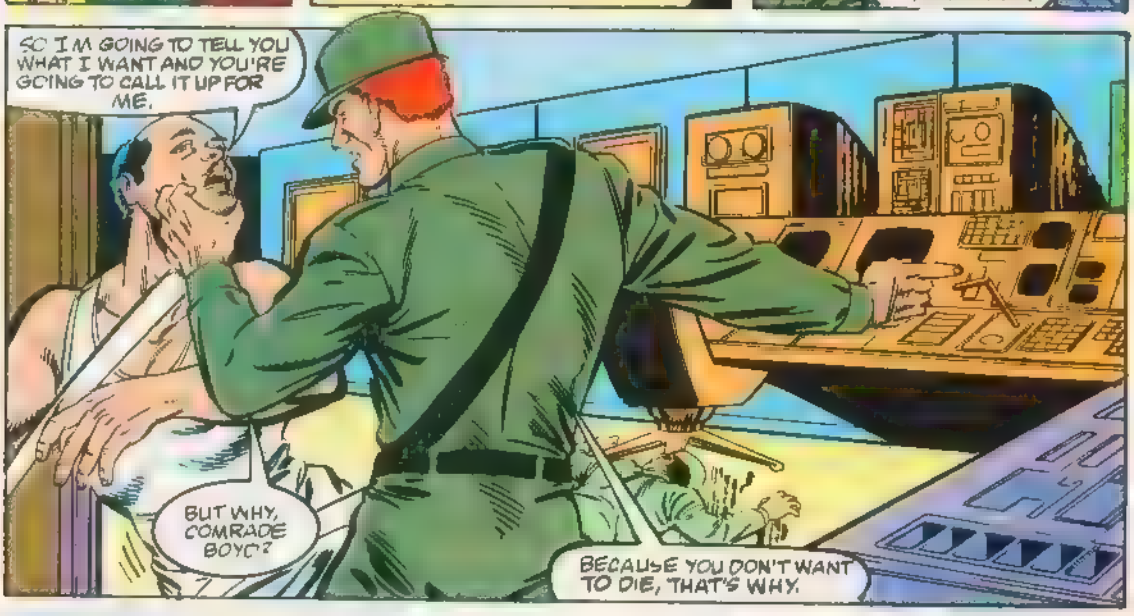
... IT'S TWICE AS MUCH ENERGY FOR ME, I GUESS.
AAAAAGH!
NNNGH!

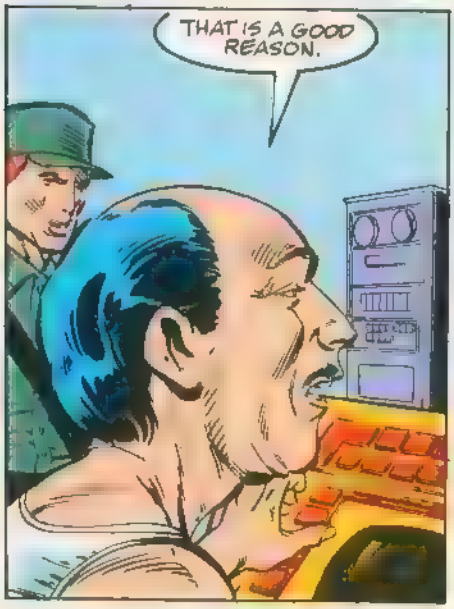
TELL HIM TO OPEN THE DOOR OR I'LL NAIL YOU BOTH AGAIN!
<USE YOUR KEYCARD-- HE'S A PARA-NORMAL LEACH-- JUST DO AS HE SAYS-->

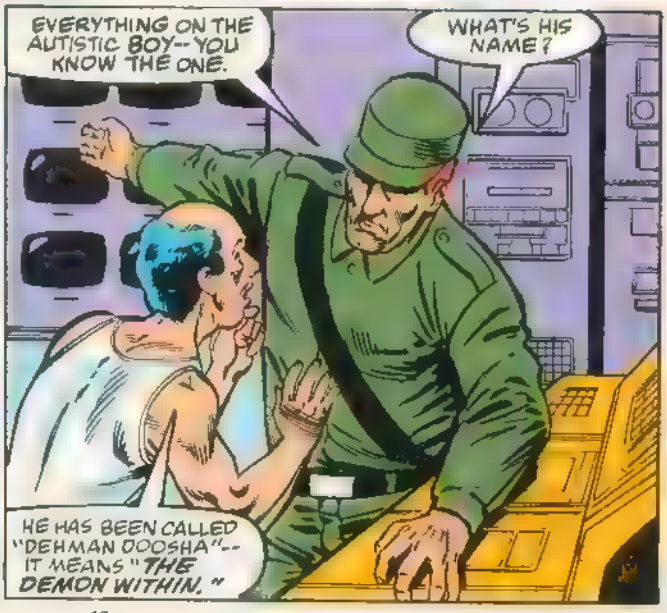
SWISH
PERFECT

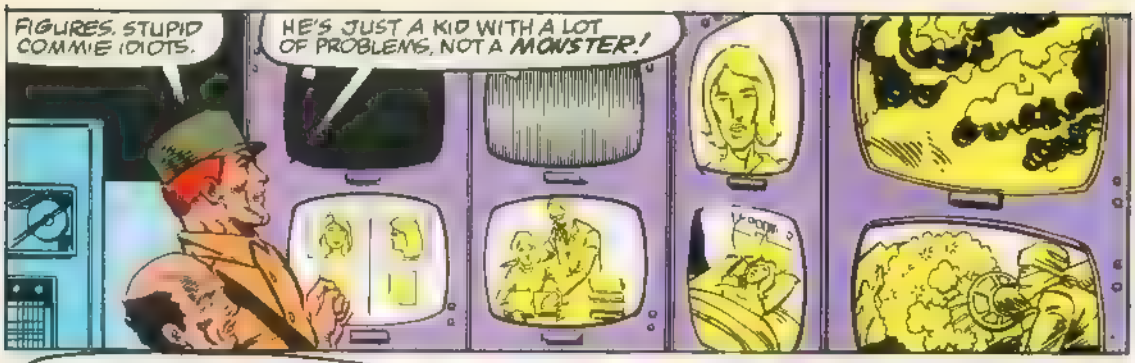
EVERYBODY IN.
UFF!
FETISOV- GET YOUR BUTT IN HERE!

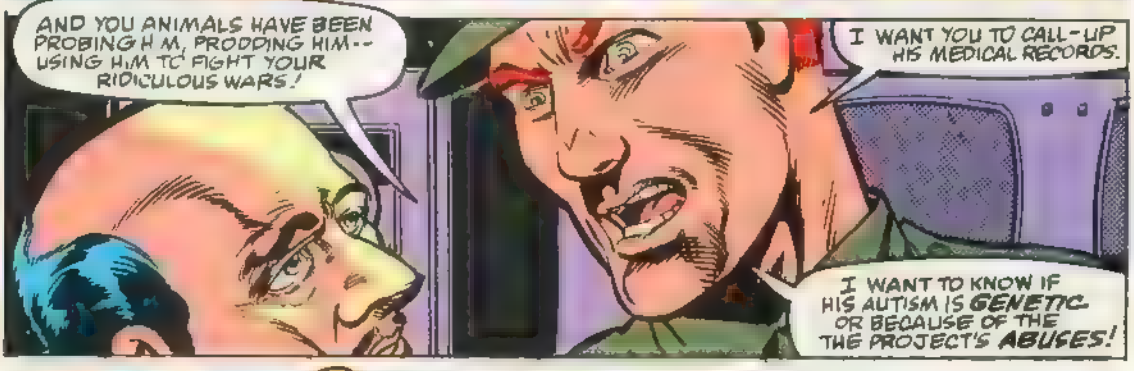

SYSTEM LOOKS LIKE THE ONE I LEARNED IN EIGHTH GRADE!
BUT I STILL NEED YOU TO INTERPRET!


SO I'M GOING TO TELL YOU WHAT I WANT AND YOU'RE GOING TO CALL IT UP FOR ME.
BUT WHY, COMRADE BOYO?
BECAUSE YOU DON'T WANT TO DIE, THAT'S WHY.


THAT IS A GOOD REASON.

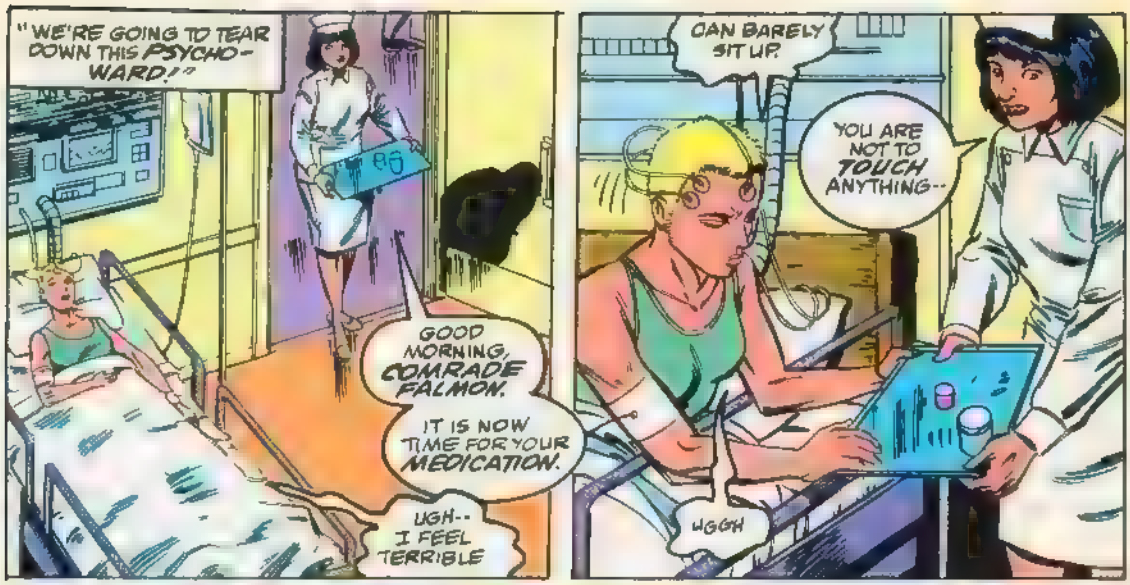

EVERYTHING ON THE AUTISTIC BOY-- YOU KNOW THE ONE.
WHAT'S HIS NAME?
HE HAS BEEN CALLED "DEHMAN DOOSHA"-- IT MEANS "THE DEMON WITHIN."

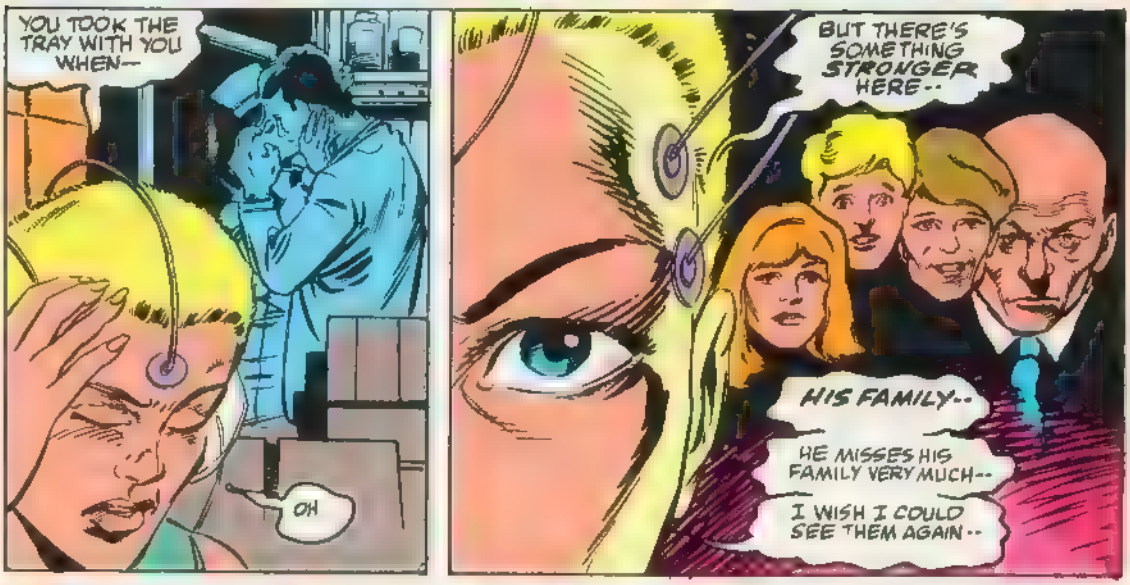

FIGURES. STUPID COMMIE IDIOTS.
HE'S JUST A KID WITH A LOT OF PROBLEMS, NOT A MONSTER!

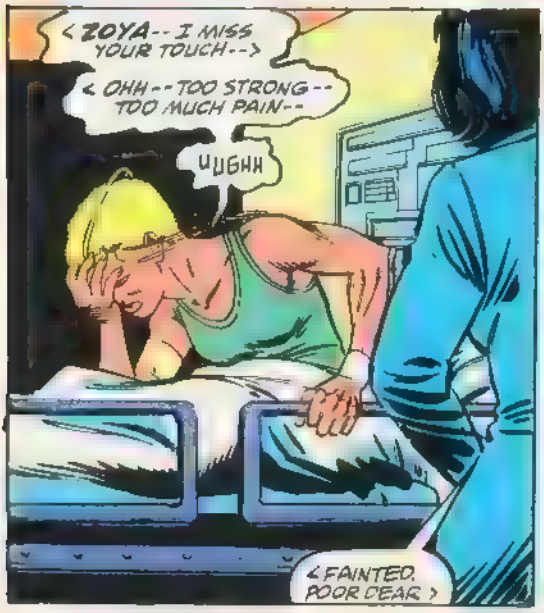

AND YOU ANIMALS HAVE BEEN PROBING HIM, PRODDING HIM-- USING HIM TO FIGHT YOUR RIDICULOUS WARS!
I WANT YOU TO CALL-UP HIS MEDICAL RECORDS.
I WANT TO KNOW IF HIS AUTISM IS GENETIC OR BECAUSE OF THE THE PROJECT'S ABUSES!

NOW!!
URK
I WILL--I WILL-- PLEASE DON'T HURT ME!

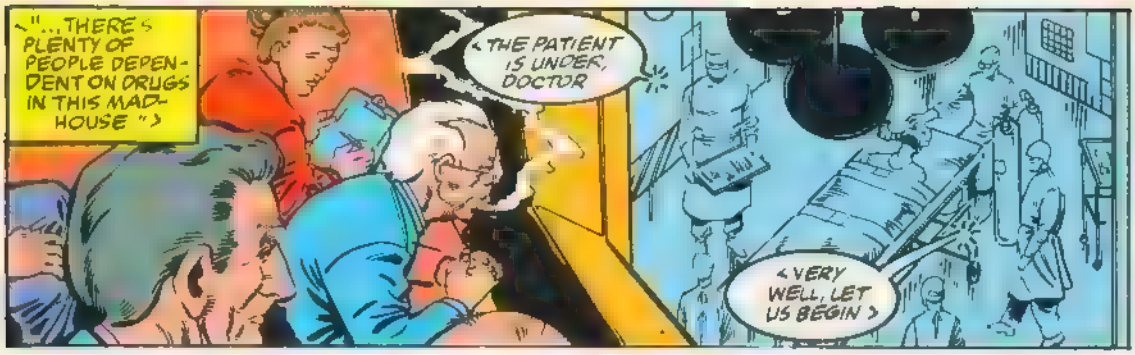
I--I ..UHM...
WHAT DOES IT SAY?
TELL ME OR I'LL LEACH YOU A MINUTE AT A TIME! IT'LL BE VERY PAINFUL.
THEY ARE GOING TO PERFORM A LOBOTOMY ON HIM IN FIVE HOURS.
CAN YOU LINK-UP WITH THE OPERATING ROOM EQUIPMENT?

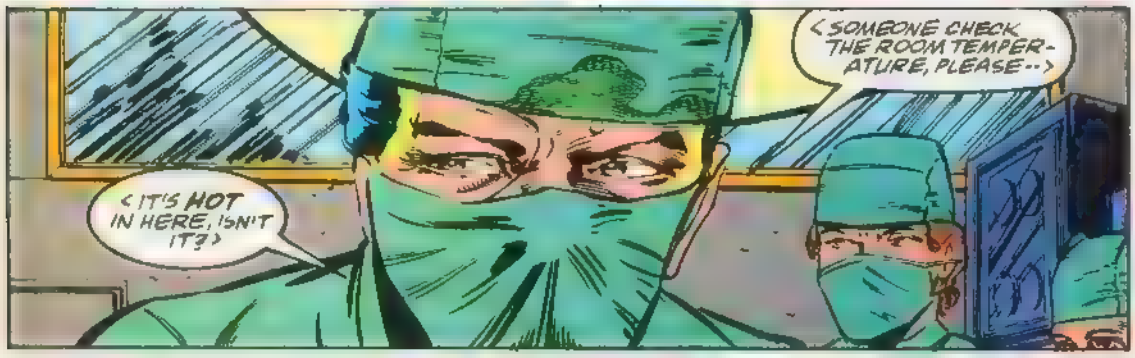

"WE'RE GOING TO TEAR DOWN THIS PSYCHO-WARD!"
GOOD MORNING, COMRADE FALMON.
IT IS NOW TIME FOR YOUR MEDICATION.
UGH-- I FEEL TERRIBLE
CAN BARELY SIT UP.
YOU ARE NOT TO TOUCH ANYTHING--
UGGH

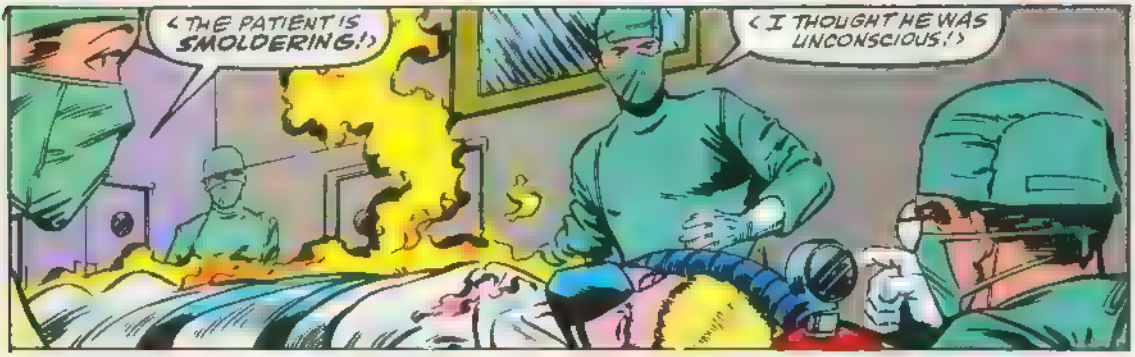

YOU TOOK THE TRAY WITH YOU WHEN--
OH
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING STRONGER HERE--
HIS FAMILY--
HE MISSES HIS FAMILY VERY MUCH--
I WISH I COULD SEE THEM AGAIN--


<ZOYA-- I MISS YOUR TOUCH-->
<OHH-- TOO STRONG-- TOO MUCH PAIN--
UUGHH
<FAINTED. POOR DEAR>

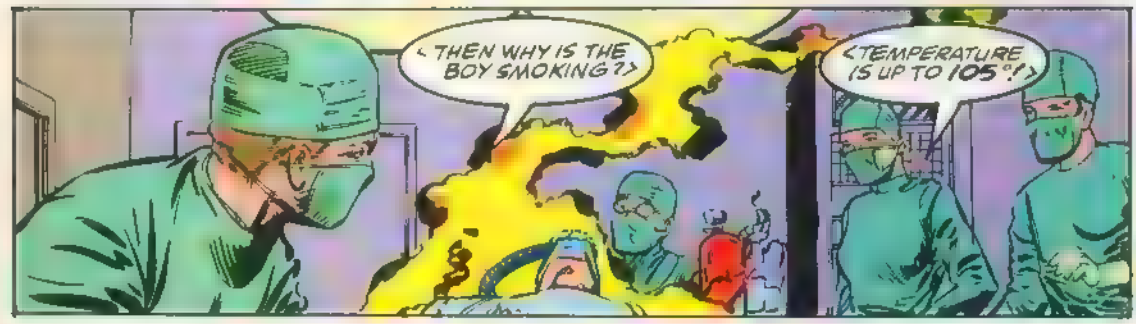
<WELL, SOMEONE WILL PROBABLY BE WILLING TO PAY FOR HER PILLS...>


"...THERE'S PLENTY OF PEOPLE DEPENDENT ON DRUGS IN THIS MADHOUSE"
THE PATIENT IS UNDER, DOCTOR
VERY WELL, LET US BEGIN

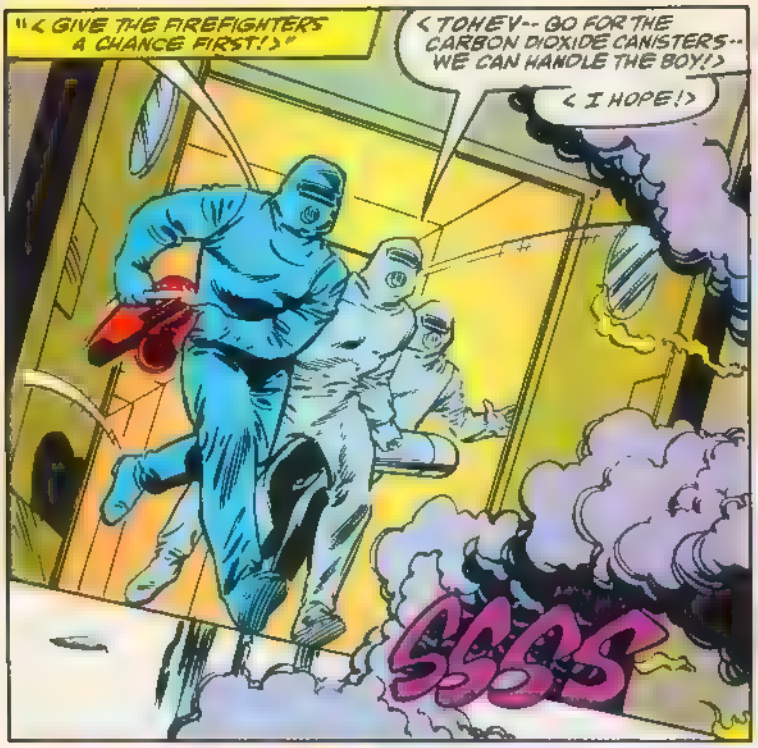

SOMEONE CHECK THE ROOM TEMPERATURE, PLEASE--
IT'S HOT IN HERE, ISN'T IT?


THE PATIENT IS SMOLDERING!
I THOUGHT HE WAS UNCONSCIOUS!

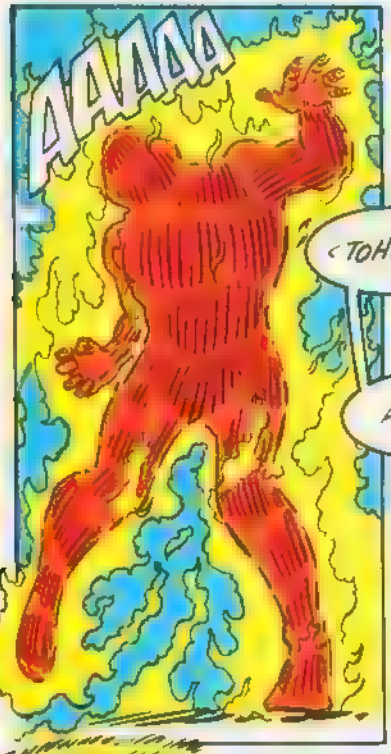
MY READINGS INDICATE THAT HE HAS BEEN GIVEN ENOUGH ANESTHESIA TO SEDATE A COW!

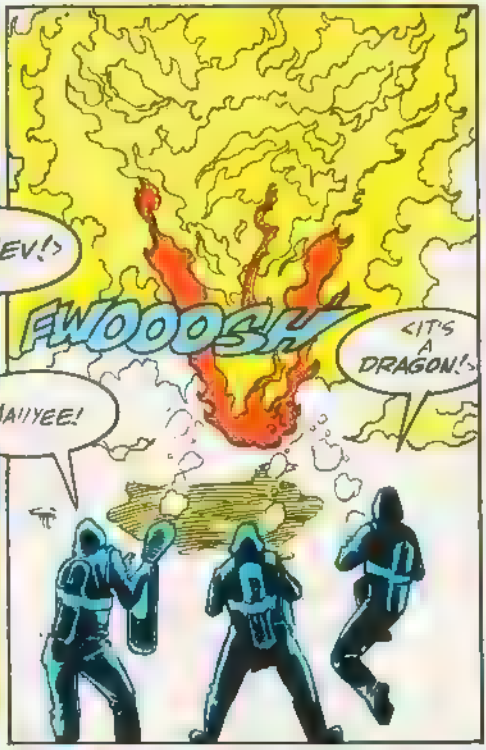

THEN WHY IS THE BOY SMOKING?
TEMPERATURE IS UP TO 105°!

ZAK
<THE BOY HAS BROKEN FREE!
<GET A FIRE UNIT IN HERE IMMEDIATELY!
FSMASH
PZZSHAK
<GET OUT.. HURRY!>
AAAGH!
<THE DOORS?!>
FSCHSH
<WHAT ABOUT THE OBSERVATION ROOM?>
KICHASH
KOFF KOFF
<WE'RE IN TROUBLE NOW.>
<NO! GET THE FIRE UNITS IMMEDIATELY! AND GET SOMEONE TO PUT A BULLET THROUGH THAT MONSTER'S HEAD!.
<NO..>


"< GIVE THE FIREFIGHTERS A CHANCE FIRST!>"
< TOHEV-- GO FOR THE CARBON DIOXIDE CANISTERS-- WE CAN HANDLE THE BOY!>
< I HOPE!>
SSSS

>NNARGA!<

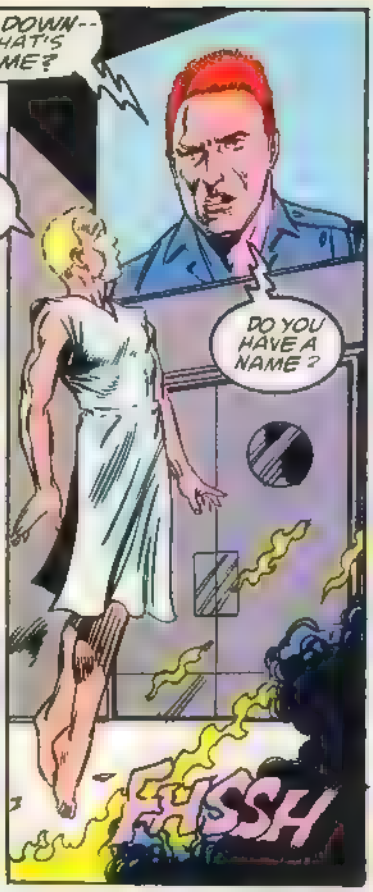

AAAAA
< TOHEV!>
AA!!YEE!


FWOOOSH
<IT'S A DRAGON!>

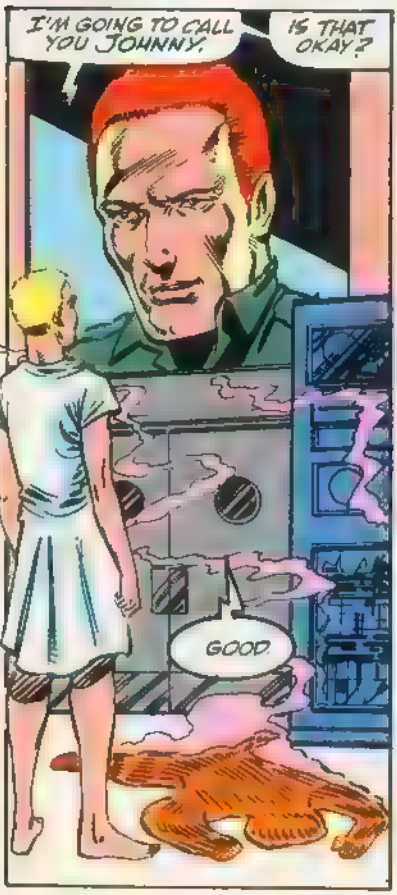
STOP NOW!!

?
YOU HAVE TO STOP THIS NOW-- PLEASE--

MMM?
YES--CALM DOWN--PLEASE--WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
?


DO YOU HAVE A NAME?
FSSH

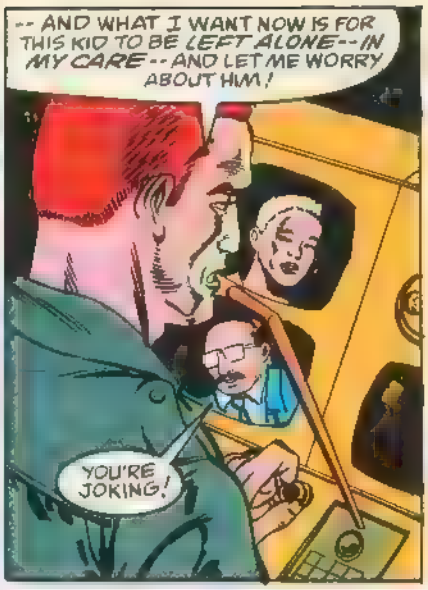
<THE FIRES HAVE STOPPED!>
<THE BOY IS CALMING DOWN!>
<HOW?>

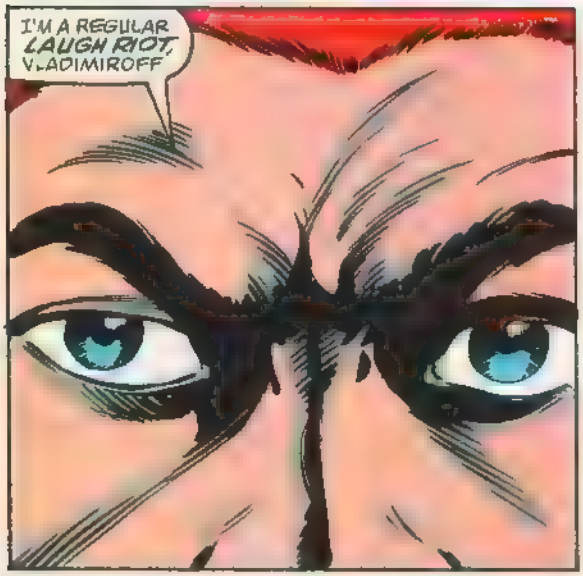

I'M GOING TO CALL YOU JOHNNY.
IS THAT OKAY?
GOOD.

I AM IN CONTROL OF THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER THAT MEANS I CAN MONITOR ALL OF YOUR EQUIPMENT AND OVERRIDE IT.
THE OPERATION IS OVER.

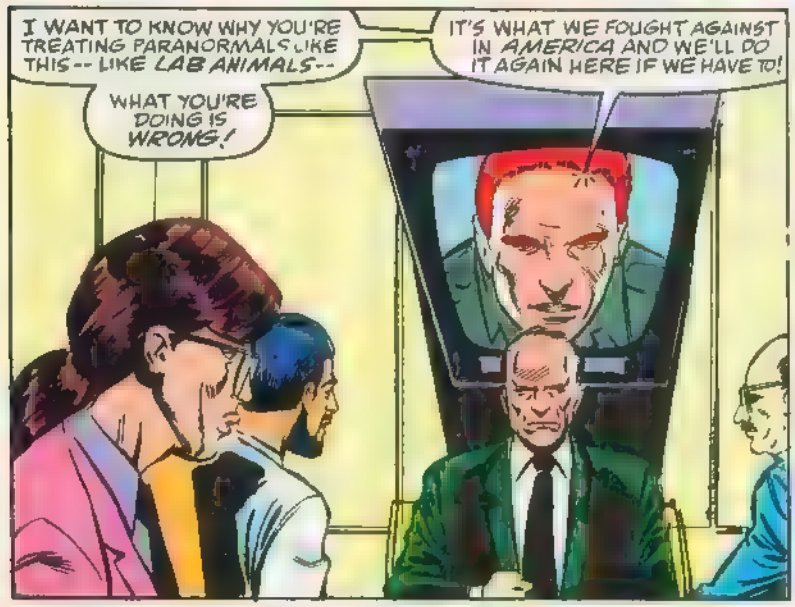
<SERGE--HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH--WE CAN'T GET THROUGH OVER HERE!>
WHAT SHE SAID, VLADIMIROFF
NO! HOW?!

BECAUSE WE'RE NOT CHILDREN ANYMORE!
BECAUSE WE HAVE THIS NASTY HABIT OF GETTING WHAT WE WANT--


-- AND WHAT I WANT NOW IS FOR THIS KID TO BE LEFT ALONE--IN MY CARE--AND LET ME WORRY ABOUT HIM!
YOU'RE JOKING!


I'M A REGULAR LAUGH RIOT, VLADIMIROFF

NOW PUT ME IN CONTACT WITH SOMEONE IN CHARGE THERE'S NO WAY AN INCOMPETENT LIKE YOU WOULD BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS PLACE...


I WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE TREATING PARANORMALS LIKE THIS -- LIKE LAB ANIMALS--
WHAT YOU'RE DOING IS WRONG!
IT'S WHAT WE FOUGHT AGAINST IN AMERICA AND WE'LL DO IT AGAIN HERE IF WE HAVE TO!

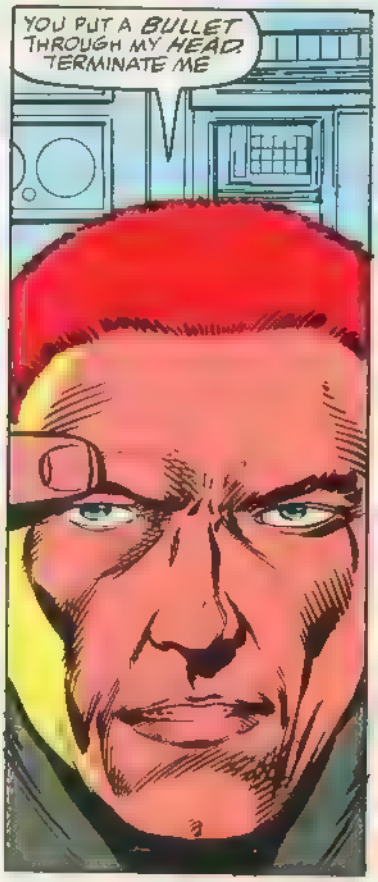
WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, COMRADE BOYD?

YOU LEAVE THE KID WITH ME THEN YOU LEAVE US BOTH ALONE
I'LL WORK WITH HIM, I'LL IMPROVE HIS CONDITION

IN RETURN, NEITHER ONE OF US WILL BOTHER TEARING THIS FILTHY PLACE DOWN.
THAT IS VERY.. NOBLE, COMRADE BOYD, BUT WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CARING FOR AN AUTISTIC CHILD?

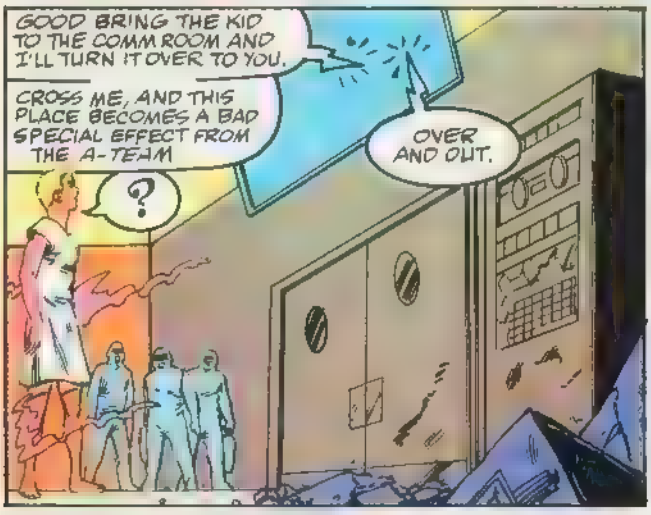
NOT MUCH NOW, I GUESS, BUT A WHOLE HECK OF A LOT MORE THAN YOU WILL...
. ONCE I ERASE EVERY FILE YOUR SYSTEM.
NO!!

AHEM
COMRADE BOYD--BE REASONABLE--LET US SAY WE DO TURN THE CHILD OVER TO YOU AND YOU FAIL.
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE US DO THEN?

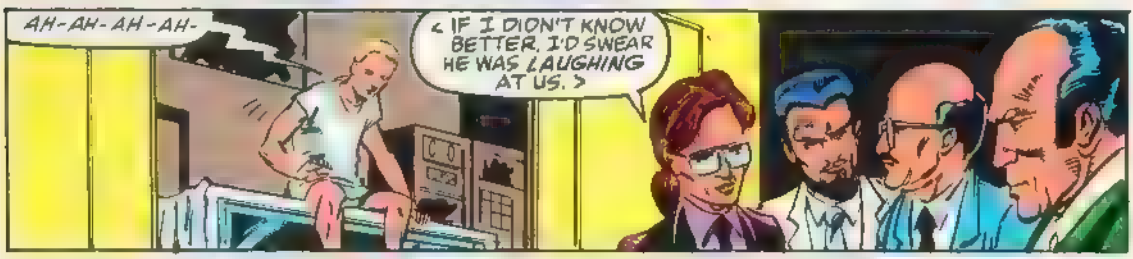

YOU PUT A BULLET THROUGH MY HEAD. TERMINATE ME

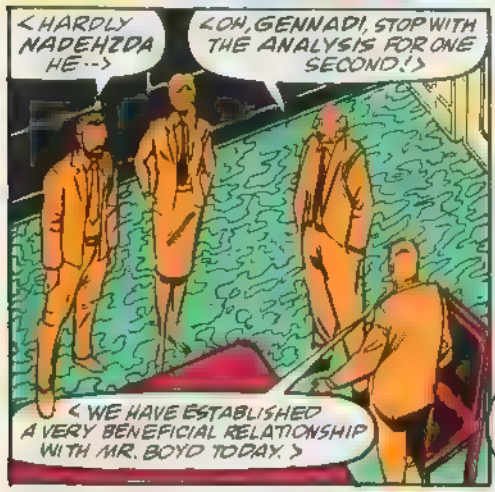
THEN YOU AIRLIFT THE KID AND DROP HIM OVER WASHINGTON D.C., OR PEKING
THINK OF THE TROUBLE HE'D KICK UP

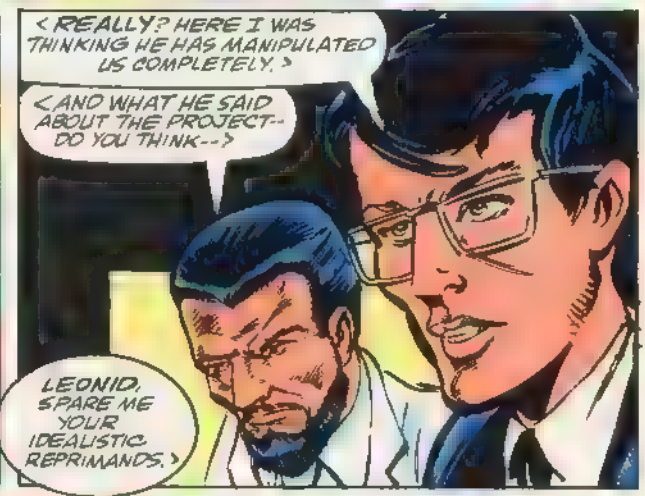
IT'S A DEAL!

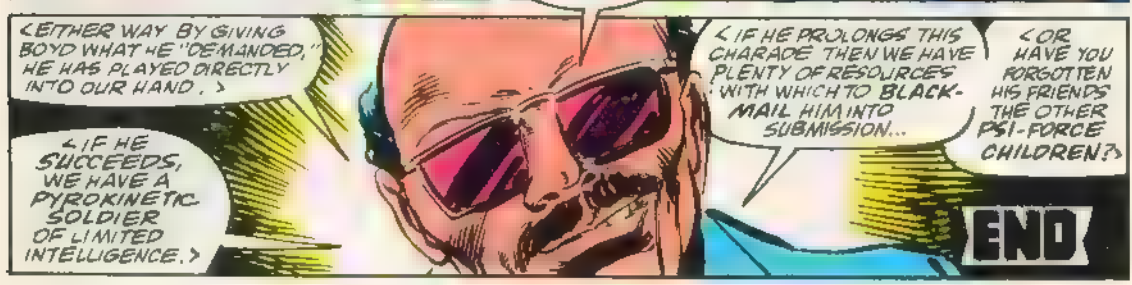

GOOD BRING THE KID TO THE COMM ROOM AND I'LL TURN IT OVER TO YOU.
CROSS ME, AND THIS PLACE BECOMES A BAD SPECIAL EFFECT FROM THE A-TEAM
OVER AND OUT.
?

< WE STILL HAVE TO GET TO TOHEV'S BODY... >
< WHAT IF HE STARTS--NO--HE'S SITTING DOWN! >

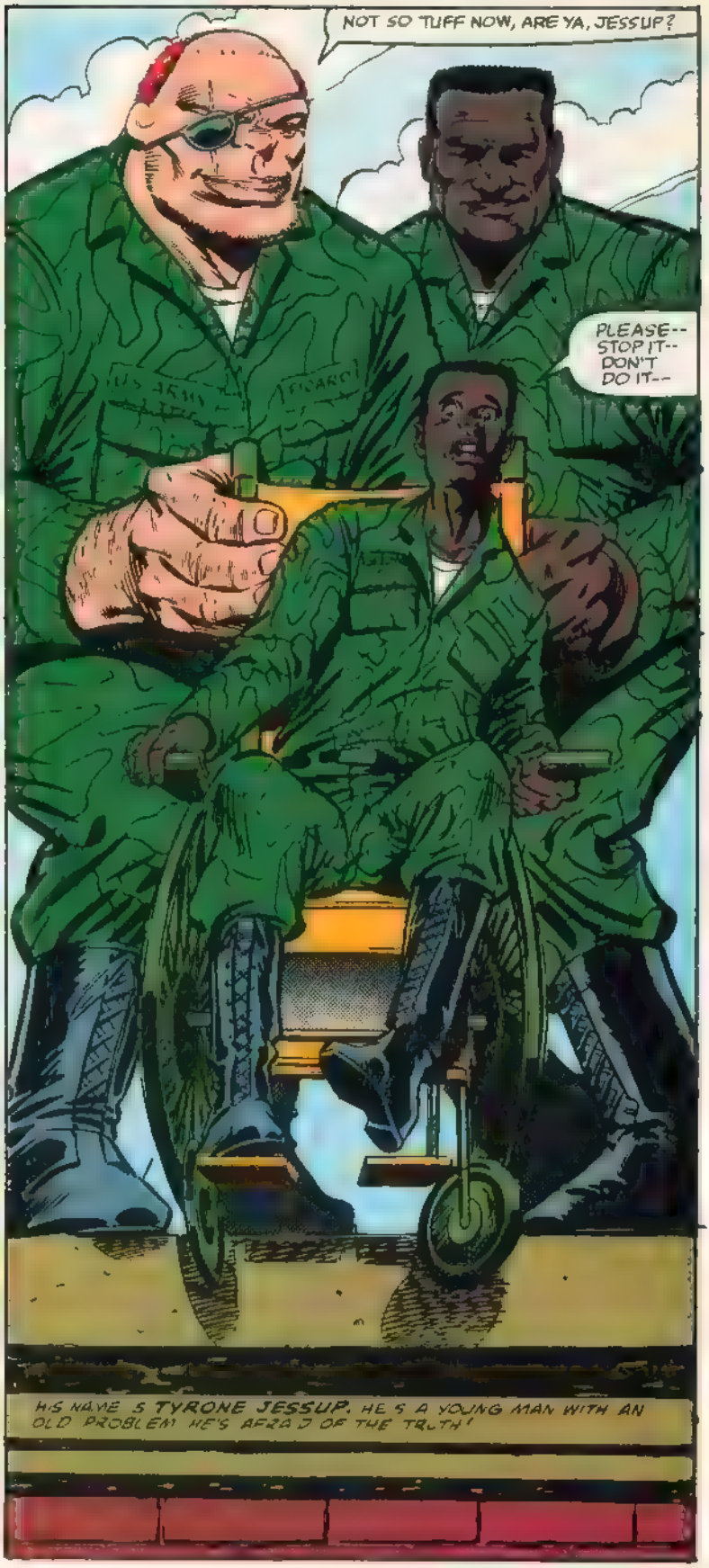

AH-AH-AH-AH-
< IF I DION'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR HE WAS LAUGHING AT US. >


< HARDLY NADEHZDA HE-->
< OH, GENNADI, STOP WITH THE ANALYSIS FOR ONE SECOND! >
< WE HAVE ESTABLISHED A VERY BENEFICIAL RELATIONSHIP WITH MR. BOYD TODAY. >


< REALLY? HERE I WAS THINKING HE HAS MANIPULATED US COMPLETELY. >
< AND WHAT HE SAID ABOUT THE PROJECT--DO YOU THINK-->
LEONID, SPARE ME YOUR IDEALISTIC REPRIMANDS. >


< EITHER WAY BY GIVING BOYD WHAT HE "DEMANDED," HE HAS PLAYED DIRECTLY INTO OUR HAND. >
< IF HE SUCCEEDS, WE HAVE A PYROKINETIC SOLDIER OF LIMITED INTELLIGENCE. >
< IF HE PROLONGS THIS CHARADE THEN WE HAVE PLENTY OF RESOURCES WITH WHICH TO BLACK-MAIL HIM INTO SUBMISSION...
< OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HIS FRIENDS THE OTHER PSI-FORCE CHILDREN? >
END

POWERPLAY



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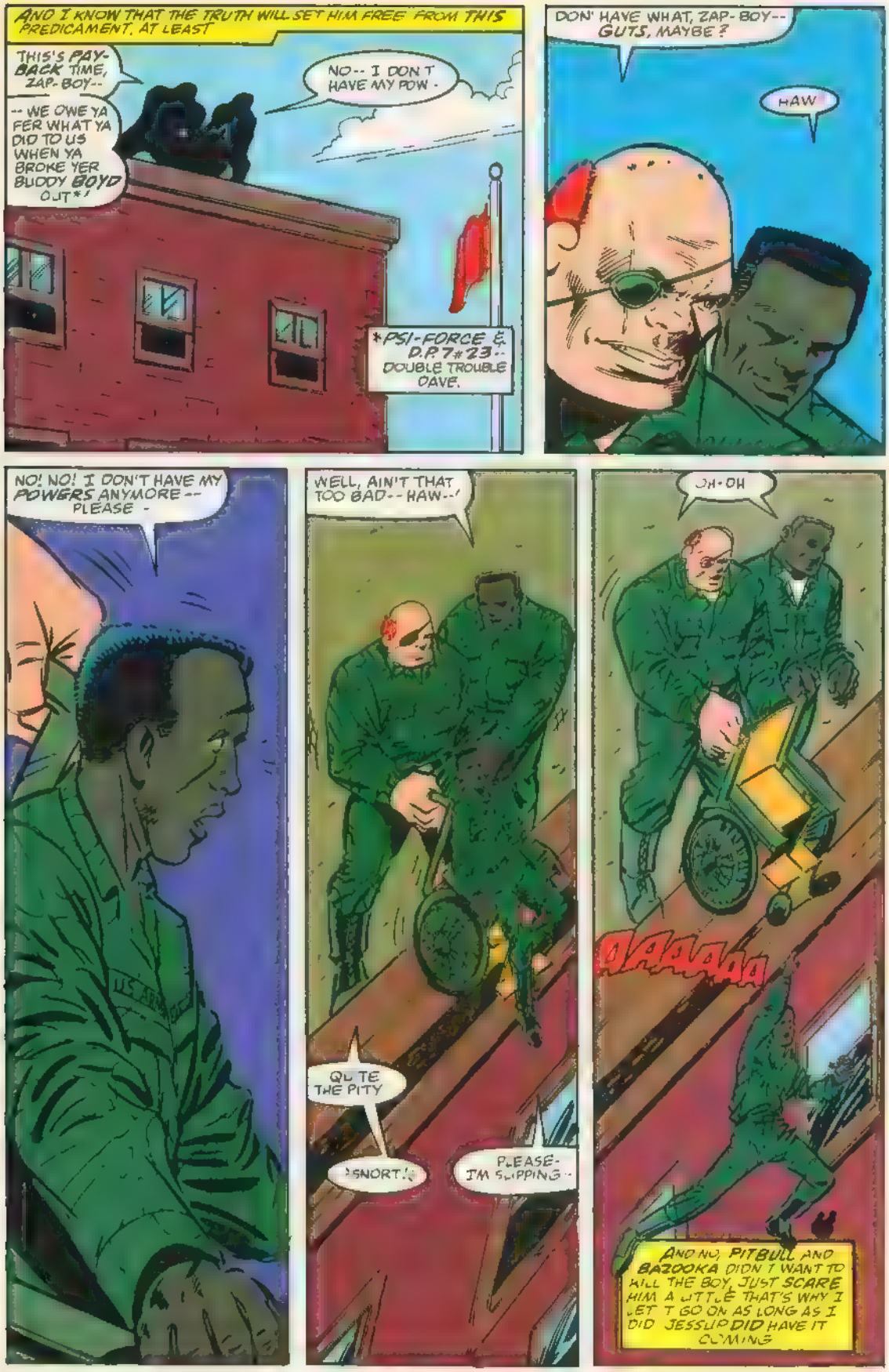
RICK PARKER ..... LETTERS
GREGORY WRIGHT ... COLORS
DAVID WOHL..... . EDITOR

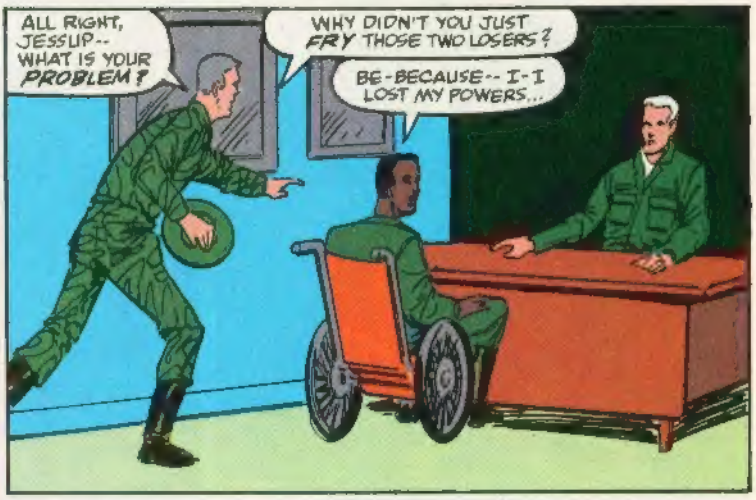

AND I KNOW THAT THE TRUTH WILL SET HIM FREE FROM THIS PREDICAMENT, AT LEAST
THIS'S PAY-BACK TIME, ZAP-BOY--
-- WE OWE YA FER WHAT YA DID TO US WHEN YA BROKE YER BUDDY BOYD OUT*!
NO-- I DON'T HAVE MY POW -
*PSI-FORCE & D.P.7 #23-- DOUBLE TROUBLE DAVE.
DON' HAVE WHAT, ZAP-BOY-- GUTS, MAYBE?
HAW
NO! NO! I DON'T HAVE MY POWERS ANYMORE -- PLEASE -
WELL, AIN'T THAT TOO BAD-- HAW--!
QUITE THE PITY
SNORT!
PLEASE- I'M SLIPPING--
OH-OH
AAAAAA
AND NO, PITBULL AND BAZOOKA DIDN'T WANT TO KILL THE BOY, JUST SCARE HIM A LITTLE THAT'S WHY I LET IT GO ON AS LONG AS I DID JESSUP DID HAVE IT COMING

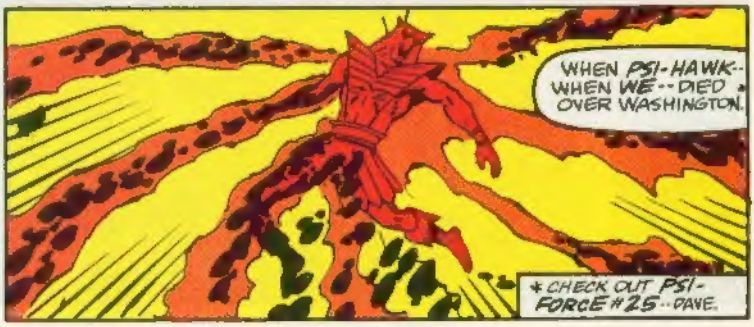
WHA-- HUH?
MMMMM
ARE THESE TUBES?
MMMMMM
OH, YEAH... THAT GUY...
GARTH--YOU SHURE YOU GOT 'IM?
SNUG AS A BUG, CHRIS. JUST HURRY IT UP.
ALL RIGHT, JESSUP, UP WE GO.
UHM--THANKS--
HEY, JESSUP, WE DIDN' MEAN NUTHIN' BY--
PICARD! FRYE!
FRONT AND CENTER!

I'LL LAY IT ON A LITTLE THICKER WHILE JESSUP CAN STILL HEAR ME...
WHAT KIND OF A BONE-HEADED STUNT WAS THAT?!
THE KID'S ONLY BEEN HERE A WEEK AND ALREADY HE'S GOTTA YADADADADADADA

COME ON, JESSUP, I GOTTA TAKE YOU DOWN TO LT. ZENTNER.
AND FURTHERMORE...
THANKS, WALTERS.
DO ALL OF YOU HATE ME FOR WHAT I DID DURING THAT BREAK-OUT?
WELLLLL...

LT. ZENTNER--PVT. WALTERS DELIVERING PVT. JESSUP AS ORDERED, SIR!
THAT WILL BE ALL, PRIVATE.


ALL RIGHT, JESSUP--WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?
WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST FRY THOSE TWO LOSERS?
BE-BECAUSE--I-I LOST MY POWERS...


WHEN PSI-HAWK--WHEN WE--DIED* OVER WASHINGTON.
* CHECK OUT PSI-FORCE #25--DAVE.

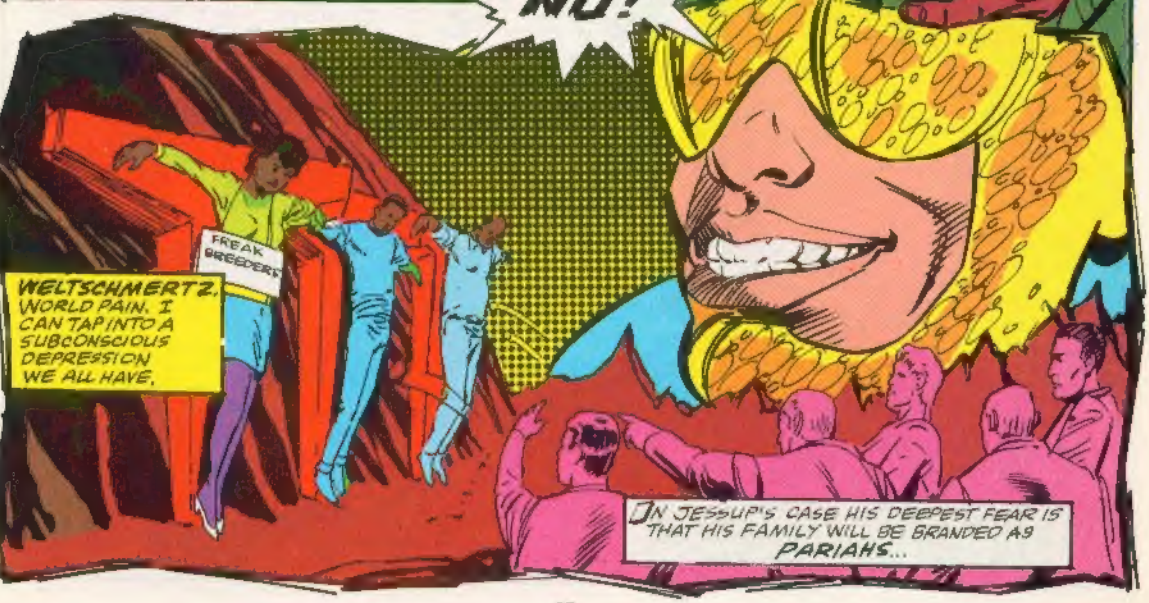
WHEN I WOKE-UP FROM MY COMA... WELL, THE POWERS WERE GONE...

SNIFF SNIFF

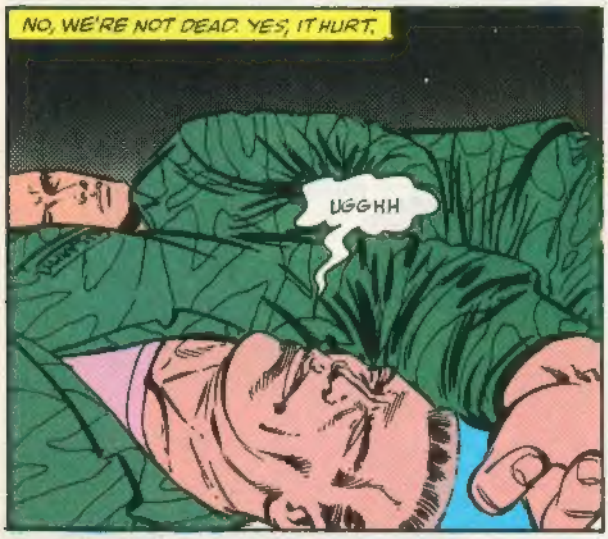
LIKE ROTTEN TUNA, SERGEANT.
WHAT?

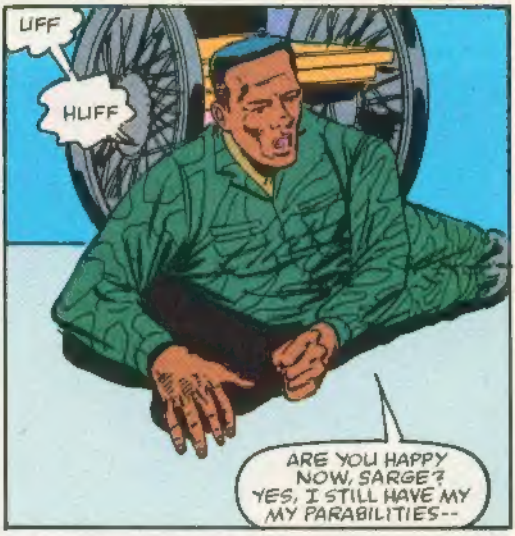
WELL, SON, LT. ZENTNER HAS A KNACK FOR SMELLING OUT THE BAD APPLES AROUND HERE...

...AND HE SAYS YOU'RE LYING. HE THINKS YOU STILL HAVE YOUR PARABILITIES.
LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE REALLY AFRAID OF..
NO...


NO!
FREAK BREEDER!
WELTSCHMERTZ. WORLD PAIN. I CAN TAP INTO A SUBCONSCIOUS DEPRESSION WE ALL HAVE.
IN JESSUP'S CASE HIS DEEPEST FEAR IS THAT HIS FAMILY WILL BE BRANDED AS PARIAHS...

THE RESULTS OF THIS REALIZATION ARE... SHOCKING!
NO!!
URP!
SHIVAK


NO, WE'RE NOT DEAD. YES, IT HURT.
UGGHH


UFF
HUFF
ARE YOU HAPPY NOW, SARGE? YES, I STILL HAVE MY MY PARABILITIES--

-- BUT I CAN'T CONTROL THEM ANYMORE!
I COULD HURT SOMEONE-- ELECTROCUTE THEM-- TEAR THEM APART WITHOUT WANTING TO!
I'M OUT OF CONTROL! I'M AFRAID!!

YOU THINK YOU'RE AFRAID NOW, JESSUP? YOU BETTER LEARN HOW TO USE YOUR POWERS AGAIN...OR I'LL TEACH YOU A WHOLE NEW WORLD OF FEAR...
TO BE CONTINUED...